

# The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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John Vickers

Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard in "Watch On The Rhine"

Awarded the New York Drama Critic's prize for the best American play of 1941, Lillian Hellman's *Watch On The Rhine* has come to London, to the Aldwych Theatre, after a year's run on Broadway. The central figures of the drama, Kurt Mueller, a German fugitive from the Nazis, and Sara, his devoted American wife, are beautifully played by Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard. Their return as penniless exiles, with their three children, to the bosom of Sara's family in Washington their subsequent adventures in a country where the realities of war are still only known by hearsay, and finally Kurt's return to almost certain death in his own country, form the theme of this moving and interesting play, produced by Emlyn Williams. Pictures of the play will appear next week



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## The Spirit of Britain

MR. CHURCHILL'S last broadcast speech to the world has taken its place among his very finest efforts. With rare understanding of the popular mind he gave expression to an indefinable sense that has come over the people since winter gave way to spring. He knew that we were feeling better and he told us that we were well justified in our mounting confidence. Other countries found no difficulty in assessing the prospects of the United Nations as contrasted with those of the Axis from Mr. Churchill's ringing tones and Hitler's insensate fury and dark threats against the German people. Britain has passed through the worst part of her blood, sweat, tears and toil. Germany is only now entering on that grim phase. It is one from which she cannot, in the nature of things, rise again. Caught in the horrid vortex of a rapidly descending spiral, the Nazi New Order and the war machine which it was to feed are steadily plunging on to destruction.

In the next months the German efforts to drag down the rest of the world, and somehow to climb out of the pit on the bowed shoulders of other peoples, will be desperate. But no matter what further damage will be done in the process—and it may yet be fearful—the end can no longer be in doubt. Germany has failed to gain the willing collaboration of a single occupied country. Even her solitary European ally, Italy, is having to be ground down and firmly held in the grip of the Gestapo lest she might find means of contracting out of the war.

## A Phœnix in Europe

BY the very nature of their attempt to enslave all the rest of Europe for the service of the Reich, the Nazis have created the problem which they are unable to solve. With sixty-five million people they set out to impose their will on the remaining 485 million Europeans. That is to take on a fight with odds of six to one against. It could have succeeded only if the active aid of many other countries had been obtained and the benevolent passivity of others guaranteed, so as to reduce the odds to very different proportions. By the Nazi method results could be obtained only and solely by force—which means man power.

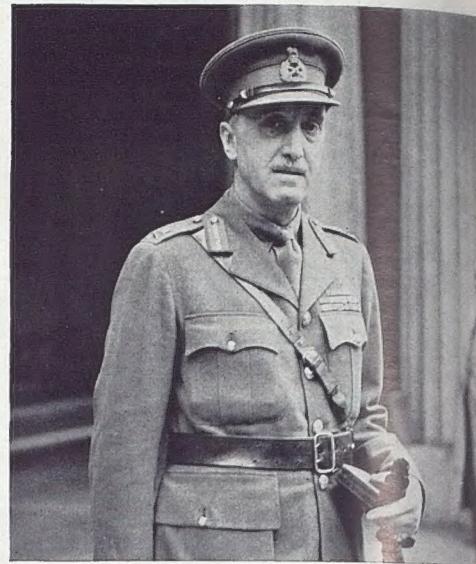
Force begets resistance and resistance calls for still more force. By the very ferocity of their decrees and the measures taken to compel obedience the Nazis have been adding steadily to the hatred and potential resistance of the occupied peoples. More and still more officials have been despatched to Norway, Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Italy in the attempt to extract food and war production from the sullen, resentful people. German manpower is streaming out through this sieve at the very moment when it is most needed in the front line, in the factories and in the fields.

With the sternest rationing food supplies may be sufficient to carry Germany through one more winter, but that must be the end, according to most expert observations and calculations; Britain, on the other hand, feeling surging in behind and beside her the swiftly mounting tide of the American effort.

Before many weeks are out Germany will feel the hot blast of the American bomber squadrons burning her up in the west as the R.A.F. increases the weight of its own fierce attack on the vital cities and ports of the Reich. These are some of the thoughts that encourage us to be of good cheer.

## "Bædeker Raids" Flop

RECENT enemy air operations against Britain suggest that the Luftwaffe chiefs were compelled to undertake their attacks on British historical monuments in response to one of Hitler's fits of ungovernable temper. The German air chiefs are not fools and they must surely have known that, from the military viewpoint there could have been no more foolish waste of the very small bomber force which they had been able to detach from the Russian front to operate in the west. This is not to say that there has not been great damage and hardship involved for the innocent people living in our great cathedral towns. But the nett effect has been to give a tremendous tonic to the whole population, which may have been showing signs of apathy after



Lieut-General Macready

Lieut-General Gordon Macready, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., received the C.B.E. from the King at a recent investiture. He has held many staff appointments here and in France, Germany and Poland, and was chief of the British Military Mission to the Egyptian Army in 1938. He married a daughter of the Duc de Noailles

a long and somewhat uneventful winter. If that did exist, Hitler has dispelled it in a few weeks.

Just lately it has looked as though the



The Centenary of "The Illustrated London News"

Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., Editor since 1900.

Last week in its issue of May 16, "The Illustrated London News," the father of all picture papers and the senior journal of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., celebrated its centenary. "The Tatler" and "The Bystander," mere striplings united for the duration, salute both "The Illustrated London News" and its brilliant Editor, Bruce S. Ingram, on a great event unparalleled in journalism. How his grandfather, Herbert Ingram, founded the paper in 1842, how his father, Sir William Ingram, kept it supreme for thirty years, how his uncle, Charles, carried on the good work—here is the romance of engraving, printing, photography and progress in one long, crowded chapter. Bruce Ingram, maintaining the old traditions and yet moving ever with the times, has edited "The Illustrated London News" with rare distinction for forty-two years, with the exception of three years in France during the last war. He, too, has played a pioneer's part in the development of illustrated journalism, especially by his introduction of the rotary-photogravure process. Never has the paper's prestige stood higher than it does to-day. Their Majesties honoured its hundredth anniversary by a special sitting in order that natural-colour photographs of the Royal Family should adorn the centenary number. One of them is reproduced on page 233



**Major-General L. H. Van Oyen**

The man who commanded the Dutch Air Force in the East Indies, Major-General Van Oyen, has arrived in England by air from Australia. He left Java on the last aeroplane not yet captured by the Japanese, under strict orders from his Government to avoid being taken prisoner



**Lieut.-General Sir William Dobbie says "I Leave Malta With the Greatest Regret"**

The retiring Governor of Malta, Lieutenant-General Sir William Dobbie, arrived in England by air with Lady Dobbie and his daughter, Sybil. Lord Cranborne, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound and General Sir Ronald Adam were amongst those who met them at the airport. Shortly after his arrival Sir William was received by the King, who conferred on him a Knighthood, the Order of the Bath, and the Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. On the right he is seen leaving Downing Street after visiting the Prime Minister, and on the left Lieut.-Colonel Dobbie greets his mother and sister on their arrival home



German Air Staff has persuaded the Fuehrer that "Bedecker Raids" are a flop and cost a lot of badly needed bombers without achieving any compensating military results. There is talk of new enemy bomber formations having been despatched to the west, but there is nothing to suggest that they are on a scale which need alarm us. The whole of such weight as Germany has been able to assemble after the disastrous winter in Russia is again being mustered on the Eastern Front.

#### **Gallant Malta, G.C.**

LAST week's return to London of Lieutenant-General Sir William Dobbie, who has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief Malta during its long ordeal, served to remind us of the truly remarkable performance put up by the defenders of the great outpost in the Mediterranean, by Maltese and British alike. On more than one occasion recently Italian spokesmen have declared their belief that Malta is unconquerable. It is vital for Britain that their views should be upheld and no one will grudge Sir William Dobbie a "stand easy" after the prolonged and immense strain and responsibility which he has endured.

He could have handed over those responsibilities to no British commander better fitted by temperament and reputation than General Lord Gort, V.C. Shot and shell are the breath of life to him. Indeed, it has been one of his chief regrets, I believe, that the Germans did not attempt the often advertised drive through Spain against Gibraltar during his period of command at the Rock. Incidentally, it was pleasant to hear the warm tribute paid to him by the Prime Minister on his taking up this new appointment, for there were those after Dunkirk who insisted that relations between Commander-in-Chief and Defence Minister were strained. Certainly there was delay in publishing the Gort dispatches.

#### **Problem of Supply**

As the German and Italian air forces have good reason to know, Malta today mounts the most formidable battery of anti-aircraft artillery of any strongpoint in the world. In view of the determined efforts of the Axis air

fleets to put it out of action it stands to reason that the expenditure of ammunition must be on a formidable scale and evidently great risks have to be run by our supply ships and convoying vessels in maintaining its stocks of victuals and equipment. But I am confident that those risks will be run without flinching, and the presence of important American naval units in the Mediterranean will help greatly in the task.

Germany and Italy are well aware that if things go worse for them this summer Italy could fall under the serious menace of Allied invasion. Malta is evidently the key to that situation and the Axis is expending vast energies on the effort to deprive the Allies of this card. It is good to know that the Italians think the island is impregnable. Sir William Dobbie contented himself with saying that if the enemy attempt an invasion "they will get the shock of their lives."

#### **Indian Ocean Outlook**

THE successful operation at Diego Suarez, the important naval base at the northern tip of Madagascar, has materially strengthened the Allied position in the Indian Ocean. Last week it had not become clear whether the British forces engaged would go on to occupy the capital and take over control of the entire island, or content themselves with basing a fleet in the occupied port. Probably the decision would have been governed by demands for troops in other theatres of operations. The main point was established, namely that Japan should be denied the opportunity of using this great island as a base of operations against our communications in the western part of the Indian Ocean.

This anticipatory action, coupled with the steadily mounting strength of the Allied forces in Ceylon may well have given Tokyo a pause. It begins to look as though Japan was having second thoughts about an attempt to drive across the Indian Ocean to the Persian Gulf. As I have said in these notes on more than one occasion, there must evidently be a limit to the extent to which Japan can stretch her communications in all directions. Certainly there is good reason to doubt whether Japan came into the war

when she did because of her alliance with Germany. It is more likely that Japan was, and is, concerned only with trying to establish herself in the island areas she has so long coveted, and to reduce China's ability to continue a war which has been dangerously bleeding Japan for nearly five years. It is my own belief, if she is allowed to do so, that Japan will now try to consolidate her position in all the East Indian islands, Malaya and Burma, hoping that she will be able to hold these positions until an end of the war in Europe gives the possibility for a peace offer in the Far East.

#### **General Giraud**

MYSTERY continues to surround the movements and possible future intentions of General Giraud, the French army commander who recently made good his escape from a German fortress and succeeded in making his way back to non-occupied France. At one time it had been thought that General Giraud would probably try to make his way to this country, but it is now perhaps less likely that he will do so. One has heard it suggested that he may have been allowed to regain France in this rather spectacular manner in the hope that he would carry some message from the German High Command to Marshal Pétain. People were recalling the strange circumstances in which Hess landed in this country a year ago on the eve of the German attack upon Russia, apparently with the hope of persuading Britain that she should join with Germany in an attack against "the common enemy"—Bolshevik Russia.

Certainly the German High Command to-day is extremely anxious lest the outcome of the fighting this year may lead to a German defeat and the consequent liquidation of the German armies. There have already been one or two peace feelers floating around in one or more of the neutral capitals. Although nothing authentic is at present known here of General Giraud's intentions, his friends are all insistent that he would certainly not identify himself with any move for closer collaboration between Vichy and the Nazis. But that does not in itself exclude the theory that he may have been the bearer of a message.

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

## Mr. Owen Takes a Hand

Of the making of war films there is no end, though I doubt whether we shall remember very much about them. Indeed I can foresee a time when in bus or tube we shall overhear snatches of conversation like this: First Young Lady. "I thought *Our Aircraft at Dawn* a ripping film." Second Young Lady. "Did you? I didn't think it was as good as *The Day He Went to France*." Third Young Lady. "What about *The Foreman is Missing*?" For myself I have a moderate liking for all these films, which seem to me to mix excitement with improbability in equal measure. It is, however, quite possible that that is exactly what the film public wants. Mr. Frank Owen, the author of *The Day Will Dawn* (Leicester Square) is not likely to be wrong in this respect. After all, as editor of a large evening newspaper he must have learned that what the lunchtime public wants to read is the unlikely sensationalized told.

It is very nice for us members of the Press to see one of our number presented in so glorious a fashion as the hero of this film. Mr. Hugh Williams is a sporting journalist turned secret agent, which, of course, is an alarming postulate, present it which way you will. For when Mr. Owen says "sporting journalist" he really means "racing correspondent," which is the lowest thing in the scale of human intelligence, always excepting the double-bass slapper and the crooner. For what is a racing correspondent? A racing correspondent is a furtive rascal intended by nature for a pickpocket who, after lurking behind a gorse bush on Newmarket Heath at five in the morning to watch Yarmouth Bloater go through a trial got up to deceive his owner, informs the gaping world that Haddock will win unless absent, in which case

there is nothing to stop Kipper. Actually what that racing correspondent ought to tell his readers is that Kipper couldn't win a race even if he were the only animal left in it, a walk-over being beyond his staying powers. Finally, the race in question is won by Red Herring.

It is thought, oddly enough, by this racing correspondent's editor that what he cannot discover about equine form in England he may be able to discover about Nazi form in Norway. So Mr. Williams is turned loose on one of the remoter fjords remarkable for two things—its potentialities as a base for U-boats and the presence of the comely Miss Deborah Kerr. There is also Mr. Francis L. Sullivan hanging round as a Gauleiter or something of the kind, and the film at this point would be very much more interesting if Mr. Frank Owen, who, I repeat, knows his public, had not found it necessary to make Mr. Williams fall in love with Miss Kerr, a dreadfully dull business for the spectator and, I rather gathered, an equally dull affair for the participants. Presently the newspaper editor recalls Mr. Williams, whose flirting can be done more cheaply at home.

It now occurs to the Admiralty that there is a use for Mr. Williams. Will he be kind enough to fly in a seaplane, bale out when he gets to the right fjord, and by flashing a lamp indicate to the bombers who are following the plane where the U-boat concentration is? Now all the racing correspondents I ever met have been an extremely timorous crowd except when they were prophesying; not one of them would dream of getting off a bus until it stopped. But Mr. Owen's hero is made of sterner stuff. Gaily, with a joke on his lips, he takes the plunge, and is fortunate

to land virtually on the top of what looks like a Nazi soldier, but is really an Austrian anti-Nazi serving as a spy in the German army. (Oh Frank, Frank!!) Then we get the bombing, and presently Mr. Williams and Miss Kerr are seen together in the condemned cell five minutes before they are to be taken out and shot, the Nazis having tumbled to the fact that Mr. Williams is something more than a racing correspondent on holiday, and that there is guile as well as gold in Deb's coiffure.

Three hostages have already been put up against the wall, the time has come for our love-birds, and we wonder how Mr. Owen is going to get them out of it, it being the law of the cinema that the audience shall be sent home happy. But Mr. Owen has not forgotten about the Commandos, and the trick is pulled off. We are then permitted to read some words of Mr. Churchill suggesting that this film should be looked upon as a model for that world liberation which will come as surely as Mr. Owen's dawn. My own view is that the events attendant upon this liberation, while they may be just as exciting, will have to be a good deal more probable. The film finds room for Mr. Ralph Richardson in a part which that distinguished actor should not have accepted. The camera is not kind to Mr. Richardson, and to offer this good player a poor part coupled with an unfriendly lens is just not good enough. Actually the film is run away with, bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage, lock, stock and barrel, hook, line and sinker, Gas, Light and Coke Company, and every other conceivable and inconceivable way by Mr. Roland Culver as a naval officer who is own brother to Mercutio.

Of *We Were Dancing* (Empire) one can only say that it is improbable without being exciting. It is the old story of First She Would, and Then She Wouldn't. Miss Shearer is on the point of marrying a wealthy and impeccable husband—even the wedding guests have arrived—when Mr. Douglas, who has been engaged to entertain, attracts the bride-to-be to such an extent that she flies off with him. They live the usual cat and dog life, full of ups and downs; and the film tries to make us believe that this ill-assorted couple will settle down and live happy ever after. Which is the very zenith of dull unlikelihood. Only the maximum of feminine charm and male insouciance saves this film.

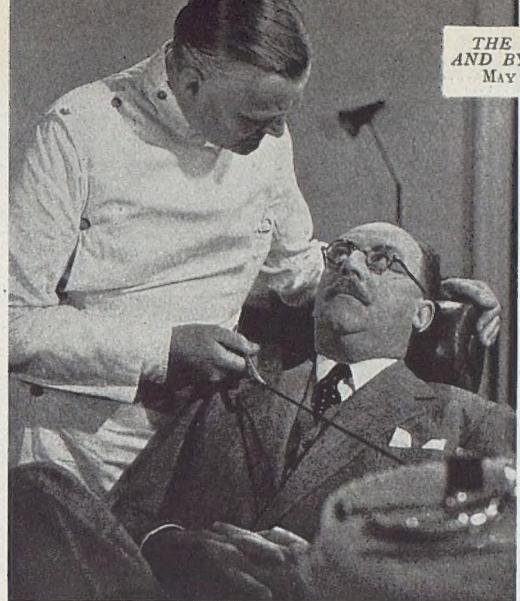


Heroic Norway Portrayed in Paul Soskin's New Film "The Day will Dawn"

"The Day Will Dawn," a new British film now at the Leicester Square Theatre, pays a tribute to the Norwegian people who, conquered and under Nazi domination, persist in calling their souls their own. Paul Soskin produced and Harold French directed this exciting film. Hugh Williams plays the part of Colin, a British newspaper reporter who finds a secret U-boat base and guides our bombers to it. He is helped by Kari, a Norwegian girl (Deborah Kerr). Above (left) German officers comb a restaurant for Colin and his accomplice, with the help of the German consul and a Norwegian Quisling police inspector. (Right) Kari and Colin with a Norwegian friend, arrested and thrown into prison, await the approach of British forces



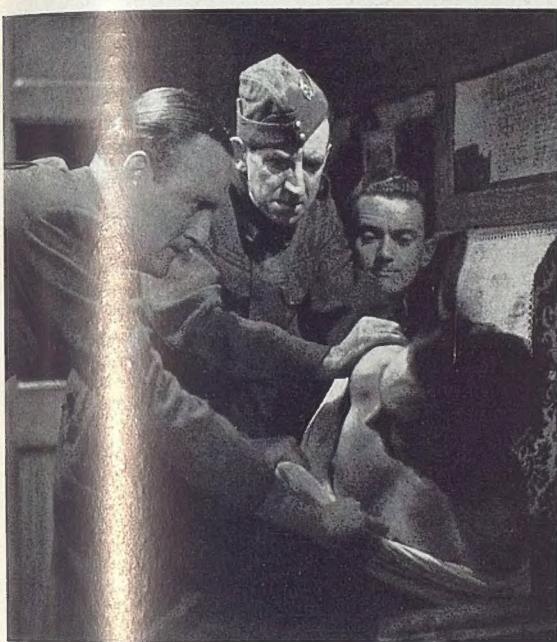
Major Richards, a security officer, interrogates Lieutenant Cummings, who through a careless remark to Clare, the dancer, has given valuable information to the enemy (Reginald Tate, Phyllis Stanley and Phillip Friend)



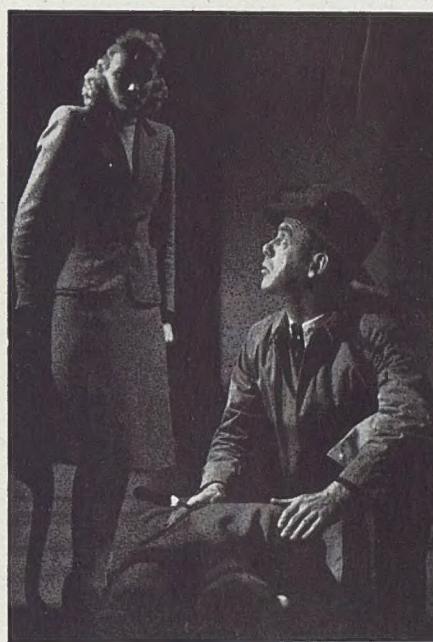
A few minutes in the dentist's chair suffice for the passing of information from one enemy agent to another. The Nazis are thus warned of the impending attack. (Joss Ambler and Owen Reynolds)



It is an uncomfortable moment for Wing Commander Kenton when he realizes he has mislaid his brief case containing vital information. With him is the girl B.B.C. announcer. (Frank Allenby and Mary Malcolm)



Of three special agents sent from Germany, two are caught but the third remains at large. The rounding-up of one of them takes place in a railway carriage



A Dutch girl refugee in this country is blackmailed into helping one of the German agents against her will (Nova Pilbeam and Mervyn Johns)



German intelligence officers piece together information received concerning the proposed British attack, which enables them to take steps to oppose it

The raid takes place and is successful, but—the casualties are heavy, and would not have been suffered had it not been for careless talk

## “Next of Kin”

“Silence Is the Soul of War”:

A Lesson For All of Us

In Michael Balcon's New Film

Made for the War Office and originally intended for the instruction of all ranks of the British Forces, *Next of Kin* is now being shown publicly at the Carlton Cinema and the London Pavilion. It illustrates clearly the dangers of careless talk, and tells of the planning and carrying-out of an operation against enemy-occupied territory. The attack succeeds, but is very nearly wrecked by a leakage of information due to an officer's unguarded remarks to his dancer girl-friend. Thorold Dickinson directed the film, which was made at Ealing Studios



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

**Big Top (His Majesty's)**

THE title of this revue is not to be taken literally. The big top is not a tent, but a triumvirate—Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. Herbert Farjeon, and Miss Beatrice Lillie. Mr. Cochran is, of course, the king of showmen, and recherché entertainment is his metier. Mr. Farjeon, as you know, is the ace of wits, whose impertinent inventions are as full of point as a well-furnished pincushion. Miss Lillie—but she is less readily labelled.

You never can tell, when or where this mistress of mockery will get you. Like a sniper who fires under flags of truce, her attack is as subtle as lethal. Watch her enter the scene, smiling and as natty as a wren. She will begin to warble an innocuous lyric, bland nonsense about love, nostalgia, what you will. Her ostensible candour is disarming. And before you know where you are or what she is up to, your unsuspecting reserve is shot to pieces.

See her, in virginal négligé, open her boudoir casement to hail the morn and greet the birds, pluck a tendril from the wistaria or a rose-bush up by the roots. An apparently casual inflection, slight but sub-acid, the mere twitch of an eyelid, or the shadow of what Victorian feuilletonists used to term "a moue," and lyrical sentiment becomes heart-rending parody, treacle-smart brimstone.

ADMIRE the picture she presents as Madame Recamier, supine on her famous chaise-longue, but be prepared for some unusual confidences. Note, too, the neat little to-and-fro jig with which she acknowledges without pandering to the rhythm the chorus is dutifully singing and dancing. And do not overlook (though that is unlikely) the unaffected gesture with which she removes an imaginary stray thread from her gown, or touches a curl into place. These slight but artful gestures are deliberate asides, perfectly timed, and as significant as the butterfly on a Whistler sketch.

And what an artist her nose is! One would swear that it flicks. With just such slight but subtle nothings, one feels, did Circe beguile her guests before giving them the works. She is comedy's queen of debunkers. Seat her at a



*A glass of "Vin Extraordinaire" and "Bee" Lillie in three of her disguises*

Sketches by  
Tom Tilt

less than docile harmonium, and give her, say, "The Lost Chord" to sing. The defeat of the sublime by the ridiculous would become a rout. So one might continue to catalogue her arts and graces without capturing their charm.

THE show has other virtues, of course; but she is its life and soul. Among the pictorial beauties, one recalls most gratefully Oliver Messel's lovely setting to "Flamingo." This is one of those enchanting pictorial pastiches of which he is the theatre's unrivalled master. It brings to a feverish medley the repose of a classic.

A different delight is provided by Mr. Fred Emney's frank, plum-duffy art. This deservedly popular comedian lends weight to poor Julius Caesar's *cri de cœur*: "Let me have men about me that are fat!" He is on good terms with you immediately he appears. His monumental camaraderie, which nature and experience have matured, is infectious. His art is as English as the weather, and, in the long run, as loveable.

Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Madge Elliott

enable the innocent to share the more fastidious delight in parody felt by the cognoscenti by recalling the vapid and formal frolics of yesterday's musical comedy waltz. The response of the gods is thunderous. And as a typical Fleet Street top-liner with heart-to-heart methods, Mr. Ritchard burlesques topical sentiment with the same skill that distinguishes his Indian baritone.

IN a variety of vaudeville numbers, Miss Patricia Burke, vivid and workmanlike, continues her progress from chorine nebula to stardom, and reinforces each objective gained on the way. Mr. Charles Hickman, too, is a turret of utility strength to the show, never at a loss, always sharply effective.

There are occasional spots on the sun, of course, which will be observed with varying degrees of intensity by different tastes. I, for instance, did not share the all but universal delight in the raffish farthingales of some Elizabethan dancers, or find the number, "Hey Ho," they adorn, irresistible. But elsewhere there is beauty and wit in abundance.

Of Mr. Farjeon's unadulterated numbers, "Bird Song," "Madame Recamier," "Sheila and the Peeler," and "Vin Extraordinaire," seemed to me to hold the fuller measure of his versatile invention and lyrical felicity. They stand out in a show that caters for all tastes, and is likely to satisfy most of them. *Big Top*, in short, is no wartime scramble, but a compendium of material and talents that would distinguish any theatre, and please at any time.



*The singer in "Flamingo" is Patricia Burke*



*Cochran's discovery, Yoma, is the Dancer in White in "South American Way"*



*Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard in "Musical Comedy Time"*



## Who?

It's Jack and Cicely—in Disguise!

They're on a very secret mission—chasing the dossier which will convict the villain who plans to sabotage and ruin Britain. Jack gets all mixed up with psycho-analysis. Here he is impersonating culture crank, Dr. Patmore. And Cicely—with her indescribable legs—has got herself a job as secretary to the arch-crook, Dr. Carlos. She is a good secretary, too, until she hears rumba music, then it's the old Cicely in her that comes uppermost. The show? It's in full swing at the Palace. And there are more pictures by Tunbridge-Sedgwick on pages 234 and 235





Dancing in Dublin

*At the Kildare Hunt Ball, Lady Hyacinth Needham, the Earl of Kilmorey's younger daughter, supped with Mr. D. L. Campbell, R.A. The ball was held at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, and will probably be the last Irish hunt ball until after the war*



Poole, Dublin

At the Kildare Hunt Ball

*Major Philip Gore Anley and his wife, who were married in April, were at the ball. She is Lord Kilmorey's elder daughter, and a sister of Lady Hyacinth Needham, seen above. Major Anley is in the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers*

# Social Round-about

## The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

### Young King

King Peter of Yugoslavia was guest of honour at the Allied Officers' party at Overseas House, very sweet and shy and sought after by the enormous mob, which grows with each of these parties. Allied and Dominion officers and Members of Parliament milled around, keeping in the swim by seeing each other; Lord Denham was in khaki; Lord Newborough was with his Yugoslav wife; Captain Grimston was one of the M.P.s, there with his wife: he also commands the House of Commons Home Guard.

Flight Lieut. William Teeling was a chatty author—he has all sorts of stories, very cosmopolitan, covering duchesses and pre-war Florence, and was recently married in Dublin. The new Solicitor-General, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, came with Lady Maxwell Fyfe; there were Lord and Lady Wynford, Sir Harold and Lady Webbe, General Sir Alan Bourne, Adjutant-General for the Royal Marines, and Lady Bourne, Brigadier and Mrs. Harvie Watt—he is Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister—Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, who is Lord Iveagh's daughter, and whose very tall M.P. husband, now in the Navy, cleverly ran a vegetable shop before the war, working out a pet theory about produce arriving straight from the garden at the shop.

Also there were Lady Gough, returning to Scotland after helping with the W.V.S. at Bath; Lady Willingdon, chairman of the League; and Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas, receiving.

### Tragedy

A TRAGEDY after the proceedings was the death of Freda, Lady Forres, who was on her way back from the party. She was vice-chairman of the Welcome Committee, which gives these parties, and, apart from her work for the Empire and Allied soldiers and the Red Cross, was a sculptress of distinction.

### Film Private View

A N interesting occasion was the showing of Miss Rosie Newman's film, *England at War*, at the Dorchester. She made the film, which is

all in colour, herself; it covers the whole war effort and includes some excellent blitz pictures, about which the audience were specially congratulatory, and some lovely shots taken from a destroyer, Miss Newman having been the only woman allowed on an actual patrol in one. She has raised £800 for different war charities with her various films, and this one is to be shown all over the country—first of all at the Dorchester on June 3rd—in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund.

Lady Willingdon presided at the private view, and other people there were Lady Ravensdale, Lord Iliffe, chairman of the Duke of Gloucester's Fund; the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode, the Archduke Robert of Austria, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. John and Lady Violet Astor, Lady Camrose, the Swedish Minister, the Brazilian Ambassador, the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Courtauld Thompson, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney and Lady Courtney.

Tickets for the June 3rd showing of the film, if still available, may be had from Miss Newman at the Dorchester.

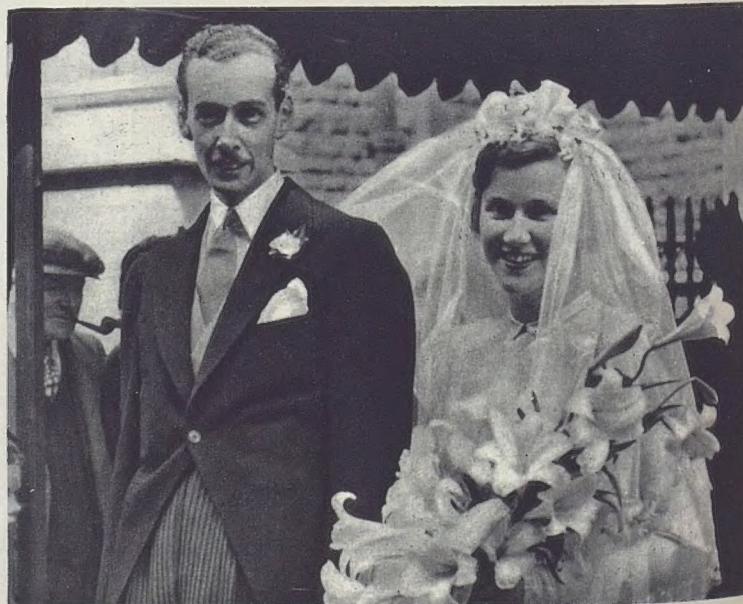
### Mr. Lyttelton Takes Orders

MARGARETTA, Countess of Winchilsea, was looking very smart in a toque of hyacinths, with a scarf-end of the same lovely purple, when I saw her at the English-speaking Union lunch to Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. As she is an American (she was a Drexel), she takes a good deal of interest in this Union. It was an interesting and entertaining affair, as Mr. Lyttelton made amusing remarks about the vice-chairman, who, he said, had ordered him to be there, and as he had been ordered by her for more than forty years, he had to come! He was referring to his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton. Viscount Moore was at the top table, looking as artistic as ever. The High Commissioner for South Africa was there too, and told me that his wife is on her way back from the Cape, where she went to see their children.



A Colour Film to Aid the Red Cross

"England at War" is the title of Miss Rosie Newman's new colour film, made by herself and recently completed, which was privately shown in London. It is to be shown publicly shortly in aid of the Red Cross. Above: Commander F. E. Sanders and Lady Willingdon look at a book written by Miss Newman (on the right), which was sold for Red Cross funds at the private view



A Wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place

Mr. Cedric Paul Thesiger, younger son of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. E. R. Thesiger and the late Mrs. Thesiger, was married to Miss Barbara Cecilia Jarrett at St. James's, Spanish Place, on May 9th. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Julius Cappel, is the younger daughter of the late Major H. C. D. Jarrett and Mrs. Jarrett, of Swanton House, St. Mary Bourne, Hants.

**Wartime Début**

Two young girls made what might be called their début at the dance organised by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell and Mrs. Bertram Currie to raise funds towards a mobile canteen for service outposts and land-workers. They were Lady Mary Cambridge and the Hon. Ela Beaumont, though, like most of their age now, when they come "out" they go in again quickly! Miss Beaumont is the Allendales' only girl; she came with Countess Fortescue, and wore a tight little taffeta frock. Lady Mary was with her mother, the Marchioness of Cambridge, and had on a flowery frock, while her mother was in grey stripes enlivened by rose velvet.

Lady Barbara and Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley looked very nice in their girlish dresses, and another outstanding debutante was Mrs. Currie's Mary, who was in striped taffeta. The Countess of Jersey auctioned Mrs. Bethell's poudreuse table for £35 and the bottle of 1815 brandy for £15. The good-looking hostesses both wore plain but smart frocks, Mrs. Bethell being in black and Mrs. Currie in sapphire blue, and I may say there were no low-backed frocks in the Dorchester ballroom at all for this party.

Mrs. Bethell's girl, the Hon. Mrs. James Innes, was there, looking sweet in greyish blue embroidered in sequins, and had her husband, Captain Innes, with her. Countess Cadogan was another young married, and looked well in red: her husband is in the Middle East. The Hon. Mansell Villiers was among the young men, and he was receiving many congratulations on his escape from internment in Spain. The Hon. David Bethell was there too; his elder brother, Lord Westbury, is in the Sudan.

**People**

THE Misses Ursula and Molly Wyndham-Quin, Lord Ravensdale's very pretty granddaughters, are among the people working hard in the country; also Mrs. Shand, who was Miss Ruperta Bromley. Most people's houses are full for Victory, either with billeted soldiers or evacuee children, and, at Wardour Castle, with Lady Arundel, nuns as well as children.

Mr. Siegfried Sasso, the writer, has a house full of children at Heytesbury. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay works very hard, with her own three children in the house, Mrs. Robin Adeane's two, Lady Townshend and her very young daughter, Caroline, and a mass of animals, including cows: she makes butter herself, as well as everything else.

**And More People**

LOVELY Mrs. Leo Partridge, who was Miss Olive Sainsbury, and a memorable beauty, was having a drink in London with her ex-husband, Mr. Jimmie Pearce, at one time, among other things, an amateur steeplechase jockey. She is another woman busy farming, with a charming Italian prisoner to help. Apparently he is delighted to be out of the war, and hates Mussolini.

Among stage people about were Miss Edith Evans, dressed in the nostalgic colour of Heinz tomato soup, out walking in Battersea Park with Mr. Esmond Knight, so tragically blinded. And having supper, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, lively in a cherry-coloured jacket; Mr. Owen Nares, in the revival of *Rebecca*; Miss Joyce Carey, Miss Lilian Braithwaite's actress-author's daughter, and Mr. Rodney Acland, the playwright.

Another park walker was Squadron Leader Ben Matthews, the painter. He was a pilot in the last war, and is now at the Air Ministry; has a charming landscape "on the line" in this year's Academy.

Mrs. Dudley Porter, Ivor Maclarens attractive sister, was having a drink with a very good-looking Dutch woman with lovely legs, Mrs. Phillipson; and Mrs. Anita Bodley, always both smart and busy, was in black on a bus.

**Out**

MISS FRANCES DAY was out dancing, and at Hatchett's Miss Florence Desmond was looking her best, while the usual enthusiastic crowd pranced briskly round to the excellent band.

Mrs. Denys Lawson, fair and pretty and in utility stockings, was in Harrods, and Captain and Mrs. Rupert Byass were around in London the same week. She was Miss Celia Palmer, and

**To Mark an Historic Occasion**

*A delightfully informal picture of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth with their children, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, taken at a special sitting graciously granted by their Majesties to enable "The Illustrated London News" to celebrate its centenary by publishing natural-colour photographs of the Royal Family in its issue of May 16th. In normal times this unique occasion would have been marked by one of those lavish Record Numbers for which "The Illustrated London News" is world-famous. Owing to the paper shortage, this must wait till victory, and a remarkable record it should prove of world events and journalistic achievements*

is equally full of cracks whatever her name; her sister is Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth. Mr. Dave Hutcheson was with them.

Commander Roger Coke, Lord Leicester's brother, has been very ill, but is better now, out and about again. So was Lord Tredegar, in beautifully-cut battle-dress made of the finest tunic material.

A sailor back from America was full of stories of the gay goings-on there, where there is endless hospitality and positive feting for the British Navy. One grand restaurant has a lovely "attraction"—balloons are let down from the ceiling for the women. Men then prick the balloon of the girl of their choice, and for lucky ones there is a prize voucher inside for such things as bottles of champagne, theatre tickets, and even jewellery.

No black-out is in force, though a half-hearted order for one goes out from time to time. Pretty difficult to check up on cracks on all those stories.

**Wedding**

M. R. C. P. THESIGER married Miss Barbara Jarrett at St. James's, Spanish Place. Four children, Rosemary and Susan Rittner,

and Masters Peter Carthew Yorstoun and John Festing, attended the bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Julius Cappel.

Flight Lieut. Tristram Gilbert was best man, and among people there were Lieut.-Col. E. C. Thesiger, the bridegroom's father; Mrs. Jarrett, mother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Thesiger—he broke his nose in two places leaving an aeroplane on a parachute jump; but it is beautifully mended—Miss Jarrett, Mrs. A. F. V. Jarrett, Miss Monica Jarrett, Lady Treherne, the Dowager Lady Chelmsford, Admiral Sir Bertram and Lady Thesiger, Major and Mrs. W. I. Anderson, Lady Bissett, Lady Collier, Mrs. Malcolm Bonham-Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert French, Mrs. F. W. Festing and Mrs. Carthew Yorstoun.

**Racing**

THERE is racing at Salisbury regularly now, but it is hard to get to, as the course is four miles from the station, and there are few taxis and no buses. However, a good many people manage, especially the soldiers—mostly Guards—stationed in the neighbourhood, people living round, and owners and trainers.

(Concluded on page 248)



Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, as Jack Millett and Kay Porter, are taking their company out to South America. A last-minute rehearsal before leaving the old country takes place at the Milletts' country house. It isn't a great success in spite of Jack's efforts. "You're the One" sings Kay, fighting to keep her head above the galaxy of flowering chorus

## Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge Are in "Full Swing" at the Palace



Thinking that Kay has gone up to town, Carole Markoff (Nora Swinburne) calls on Jack to ask him to undertake a Secret Service mission in Rio. She gives him a very confidential report which will convict the villainous Dr. Carlos in his own country. Jack and Carole are old friends. Swinging on the garden settle, they talk of old times, and are rudely surprised by Kay who has missed the bus to town

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Kay is by this time as enthusiastic about the missing dossier as Jack and Carole. She suspects that Sebastian (the doctor's assistant) may be hiding it. She vamps him and finally accepts an invitation to dine alone with him in his private suite. (George de Warfa and Cicely Courtneidge)



The situation is not improved for Kay when she realises that the waiter looking after them is remarkably like her husband, Jack. It is Jack's turn now to be jealous, and he gets his own back for the indignities suffered in the consulting rooms of Dr. Carlos when the boot was on the other foot. Jack is not a very good waiter, as you may see, but he is very successful in spoiling Sebastian's little bit of fun



Kay, knowing nothing of the secret mission, finds a long blue envelope addressed to Dr. Carlos. She posts the precious papers. A hilarious chase follows. Jack, with the support of Carole, calls on Dr. Carlos, seeking professional advice. He is amazed to find Kay, outrageously disguised and still unaware of the import of the dossier, but anxious to check up on her husband whose relationship with Carole she suspects, already installed as the doctor's secretary. The dossier, so near and yet so far, is elusive (Nora Swinburne, Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge and Kenneth Kent)



When the company arrive in South America, the dossier, already lost and recaptured so many times, is once more in the hands of the enemy. The Company has its own internal troubles, too, for the jealous Kay suspects the over-demonstrative Sally (Gabrielle Brune), whose devotion to Jack is well known and constantly in evidence, of dishonourable intentions. She denounces Sally to Admiral Bellows, the British representative in Rio de Janeiro (Henry Thompson, Cicely Courtneidge, Gabrielle Brune and Jack Hulbert)



Downstairs in the Bottle Club of the Hotel de Rio, the Company entertain the guests. Sally, with the chorus, sings "Mamma, Buy Me That"



Still searching for the vital dossier, Jack and Kay disguised as the cultural cranks, Dr. and Mrs. Patmore, visit Dr. Carlos' Clinic in Rio de Janeiro. There are embarrassing moments when the real Dr. and Mrs. Patmore arrive and Jack and Kay have to make an undignified getaway



Finally, at the Café Rosa, a saloon haunt on the shores of Rio Bay, the dossier is run to earth. Jack and Kay, disguised as sailor boys, outwit the villains. The dossier is handed over to Admiral Bellows. Dr. Carlos is shot. The job is successfully ended. The whole company celebrate on the stage of the Estoril Theatre as the curtain comes down

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THOSE artichoke leaves now mixed with cigarette tobacco by the French State Monopoly will lend the contents of those familiar pink and blue and yellow packets a new and unpleasing fragrance, we imagine. One whiff of that smoke could no longer summon up for us the Essence of France from Clovis to—who was the last reigning Third Republic crook? We've forgotten already.

Nobody we ever met smoked Scaferlati or Maryland without at least one oath, as the inevitable glowing *bûche* or chunk of wood in every cigarette fell and burned a hole in his trousers. The paper and packing were none too good; hence the characteristic slurred accent of the Paris faubourgs, due to the fag-end glued firmly to the lower lip. Briand always had a half-burned stub or *mégot* hanging thus, except when actively bamboozling the citizenry. It gave his satyr-like pan, grey and lined with years of low intrigue, a slightly sinister air, like that marble faun to which Michaelangelo added sixty years of age and devilry by simply chipping one tooth from its jaw. A less cynical type than Briand would have exploited a whacking big briar, like Herriot and some of our own politicians and booksy boys, thus fooling the populace by looking like Old Honesty, plain old John Blunt of Bluntshire, rugged and virtuous, with a heart of gold. Briand said the hell with 'em.

We meant to ask a booksy boy recently if pipes still fool the Island Race, but as we

turned a moment to sneeze he scuttled back into the woodwork.

### Warlock

REAT excitement prevailed along Fleet Street's Lunatic Fringe, we learn, when one of Dr. John Dee's magical gadgets, a gold disc with a cabalist design, was sold at Sotheby's the other day for £230. Some of the astrological globes used by Queen Elizabeth's chief wizard are in the British Museum and inaccessible. Raffling Dr. Dee's disc among our leading Press astrologers might have helped one or two of them to hear the grass grow, we dare say.

Obviously one reason those boys never get a lucky shot by any chance—do you ever test them?—is that they lack the laboratory utensils Dee and Nostradamus and other Renaissance aces had, such as alembics, crucibles, athanors, pentacles, boiling asses' heads, curcubites, grimoires, and the Devil knows what. With these and secret art-magic and charms too awful to be mentioned Dr. Dee cured the Virgin Queen of toothache, the clever little Welch spellbinder (one of many). Our poor little Fleet Street wizards couldn't charm a pound of butter off a hot stove.

### Enigma

EE incidentally taught the Virgin Queen to fly her own broomstick and to ride



*"This is the Ministry of Post-War Reconstruction—when are you sending someone to attend to these windows?"*

a bucking he-goat at the annual Bloksberg jamboree or joyfest. Why he never became Prime Minister is one of the major enigmas of English political life, except that Cecil wouldn't have let him, and as Cecil employed a Gestapo which would make Himmler's boys look like a vergers' picnic, who are we to grumble or murmur with our mouths?

### Revolt

TOO gentlemanly, a military critic remarked of certain mock "Fifth Column" activities in a recent City invasion exercise. Too dreadful and un-English, civilian critics have called the new Battle Drill School "hate" technique, with its roaring loud-speakers and its bayonet-charging troops sprinkled with sheep's blood. In a word, just one of those recurring Cloud-Cuckoo Land situations which make us laugh like fifty cows.

How the Race ever got this way is no mystery to hardened readers of this delicious prose. And how come? says you, suspicious as ever. Why, compulsory cricket, says we, and we know a simple way to blow cricket to blazes too. And how? says you, sharp-like. Why, says we, by bribing a Player to snatch a lascivious kiss from a Gentleman's niece in the tea-interval, and what is more, we know a better national sport to replace cricket, says we. And that is? says you with a dirty look. Hoops, says we, rolling over sideways and shamming dead.

### Suggestion

Hoops it is—the good old Etonian out-door sport, as the poet Gray rather sourly perceived during his distant prospect of the College:—

What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed  
Or urge the flying ball?

Hoops: a vigorous, manly sport, innocent of social or ethical flafla, fetichism, flap-doodle, formativism, footle and flummery. We look to the Headmaster of Eton to urge the Government to ask Dusty to tell The Buffalo to ask little Mrs. Whatshername to get Eric to order Stinker to get somebody to institute an annual National Hoop Week immediately after the war, with a hey derry derry.

*(Concluded on page 238)*



*"Do you mind removing your hat?—I can't see a thing!"*

# A Dinner - Dance To Pay for a Mobile Canteen



Lady Evelyn Fitzpatrick had Flying Officer Robert Sweeny on her left. He is in the Eagle Squadron



At a round table were Miss Catherine Lloyd, Count H. Larish, the Marchioness of Cambridge, Mr. C. Lloyd, Lady Mary Cambridge and Mr. Douglas Baillie. Lady Mary is now a full-time V.A.D.



Mrs. T. Troutbridge, Captain George Pike, Mrs. Bertram Currie (joint chairman), Captain Dudley Forward and Mrs. Pike had dinner together

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell and Mrs. Bertram Currie were joint chairmen and organisers of a dinner-dance at the Dorchester, in aid of a mobile canteen for Service outposts and land-workers. Guests were asked to bring their own drink, and, after dinner, gifts from the committee and patrons were auctioned to swell the funds. More about the dance on page 233

Photographs by  
Swaebe



Commander the Hon. Roger Coke, Lord Leicester's brother, was with the Countess of Cadogan and Captain and the Hon. Mrs. James Innes



The Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, seen here with one of the guests, was joint chairman of the dance



Four more diners at the Dorchester were Major Ronald Senior, Mrs. David Sholto-Douglas, Captain David Dear, and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior



Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and Lady Dashwood were entertained by Sir Hugh Smiley at the dinner-table

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

**Task**

To the average semi-educated Hindu the present war might be in the Moon, and there are millions of him, an authority has observed, carefully avoiding casting any glances nearer home.

It's not for the likes of us to barge among the politicians who are trying to grapple with the current Indian problem, like a lot of rhinoseri trying to pick up a pea in a cellar at midnight, but it seems to us after a certain amount of research work in the Bloomsbury jungle, that the mind of the Hindu—at least the kind which gets college-educated in Europe—is like quicksilver. Each time you think you've got to grips its reasoning slips through your fingers and away. One of the most terrible Bloomsbury half-hours we ever spent was

when we got caught between a Hindu B.A. with a grievance about Proportional Representation and a female don with a grievance about Time. The Oriental thinker got that iron baby groggy towards the end because he could talk twice as fast on fifty tangential topics, but we were doing invisible knitting long before that, muttering "Kittycat, kittycat, kittycat," sweating profusely, and breathing in thick pants, like the earth in *Kubla Khan*. (Maybe we should have changed to our summer undies? Never mind.)

**Boon**

A MACABRE little news story in *The Times* about a dying Portuguese farmer who, mistrustful of his relatives and thinking he could not take his wealth with him, burned all his accumulated banknotes an hour before death, made us marvel once more at the oddness of foreigners.

Before Modern Science stepped in to benefit British big-business men such incidents



"Looks to me, Martha, like they might be seafarin' folk"

## Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



"Yus, Mate, I got a cousin in Dublin—Mrs. Mullagatawny. Got two sons; one in the British Army, the other's a Nazi spy. Both doin' very well, I believe"

probably happened in these islands, thought rarely. After intensive experiments on rats at Cambridge in 1926, Professor Gumboil declared that no matter how bestial a dying business man, he could be enabled by a simple process to take all his dough with him. This started the usual frenzied chittering among the economists, and a Mrs. Dowpie was knocked bow-legged by their hired gangsters for yelling "Leave it to Keynes!" Shortly afterwards Sir Nero Gowle, a rich City man, was poisoned by his friends, rallying just long enough to enable Professor Gumboil to carry out his first successful experiment.

**Footnote**

At the request of the Chancellor of the Exchequer Professor Gumboil has dismantled his apparatus for the period of the war, we learn; but as the old Spanish proverb says, Don Dough is a powerful guy:

Poderoso caballero  
Es Don Dinero,

and maybe there are some queer old happenings in the money and undertaking worlds at this moment. Ring up the *Economist* and mention Muriel.

**Florailia**

How the florists, many of whom are temporarily out of circulation for all major floral purposes—such as making up costly first-night bouquets for leading ladies of the West End stage and taking them back next day, as per contract—like growing potatoes instead we haven't discovered. Their larger worry must be that after the war frugal chaps will keep on giving the beloved inexpensive posies of simple wildflowers gathered from the nearest hedge; as the poet has well sung:

Shepherd's Toe, Pumphrey, Old Man's Knee,  
Pugwhisker, Pig's Foot, Cowman's Glee,  
What can I heap at the shrine of my rose  
Sweeter than Bungweed or Old Dog's Nose?

That was not the spirit of Matthew ("Nowhere-To-Go-For-A-Laugh") Arnold, whose well-known directions:

Strew on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew;  
If Green his bill encloses,  
Strew that one on her, too.

—earned him a presentation bunch of half-guinea violets, practically fresh, from the Florists' Association. Well, we shall see.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Volunteers Needed!

The Women's Legion Mobile Canteen Service Asks For More Helpers To Feed London's Workmen



*Tea-Time Interval With Lady Bury*

Very valuable work is being done by the Women's Legion Mobile Canteen Service, whose main sphere of activity is in London, where they serve hundreds of meals daily to men on construction work and in the dockyards. They have a fleet of twenty-five canteens; the one in the picture was the gift of the British War Relief Society of the U.S.A. Their Commandant is Mrs. Marjorie Robert, and their headquarters, 26, Eccleston Street, S.W. Both full and part-time workers are urgently needed to help with this ever-growing organisation



*"Get a Load of This"*



*Washing Up "The Cups That Cheer"*

Viscountess Bury, who is a volunteer worker for the Women's Legion Mobile Canteen Service, was Lady Mary Vane-Tempest-Stewart before her marriage in 1940 to the Hon. Derek Keppel, now Viscount Bury. Her husband is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Albemarle, who succeeded to the title in April this year. She is the youngest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry's four daughters. Lord and Lady Bury have a small daughter, born in 1941

# “They Flew Alone”

The Screen Biography of Amy Johnson and Jim Mollison



Amy Lands on Australian Soil

Twelve years ago an unknown girl took off from a British airport. Her destination was Australia. Little public interest was shown until six days later, when it was learnt that this same girl had reached Karachi, thereby setting up a new record for a solo flight to India. From that time on the entire British public waited eagerly for news of Amy Johnson. In later years, Amy Johnson was to make many more record-breaking flights, both alone and with her husband, Jim Mollison. A great and courageous airwoman, she established for all time women's right to share in the hazards and glories of the development and progress of aviation. *They Flew Alone*, directed by Herbert Wilcox, in which Anna Neagle plays Amy and Robert Newton the part of Jim Mollison, tells the story of Amy's life from school-days in Hull up to the day of her death in January 1941. It is coming to the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Whit Sunday. The first people to see *They Flew Alone* were Mr. and Mrs. Johnson (Amy's parents). They sat alone, surely the smallest audience ever to witness the showing of a full-length film. Jim Mollison has also seen the picture. A member of the A.T.A. (as Amy was), Jim now ranks amongst our foremost ferry pilots. Since war broke out, he has crossed the Atlantic many times; he has executed many secret ferrying missions for the R.A.F. and is the pioneer of several valuable routes to the Middle and Far East, now used regularly in the interests of Britain and her Allies.



Amy, as a schoolgirl, already showed the turbulent spirit which was to lead her on to high adventure later in life. Here she is being reprimanded for leading a revolt against the unpopular school hat



For her parents (played by Joan Kemp-Welch and Edward Chapman) it was an anxious time. When news of her record-breaking flight to India becomes known, reporters crowd their home in Hull, all waiting for further news



The unknown airman starts off on his flight to Australia. Amy, torn from her school days, follows him, for the other side of the world. She writes to him, and he replies, to the few mechanics who dubiously accept her as a pilot



A great reception is given at the Sydney Opera House in Sydney to welcome the British aviator. Amy speaks bravely and confidently of her future in aviation which will bring Britain and the Empire more closely together



Jim and Amy meet for the second time in Cape Town. But it is not until they are both in London that they decide to get married. Dining together one night at Grosvenor House, Jim proposes. He is accepted and very soon afterwards they are married



The early days of their marriage. Together they plan to buy a house and a boat. They decide to make a joint Atlantic flight. Amy is nervous, but Jim is confident. They are both young and full of energy



It is in Australia that Amy meets Jim Mollison for the first time. Her triumph and stirring speech make him resolve to blaze new trails himself. He takes off from Australia for England to make his first record-breaking flight



On Mollison's arrival in England, he finds that Amy has set out on another record-breaking flight. Everywhere she goes Amy is given a great reception. She is recognised as the greatest British woman aviator of her day. Her capable hands seize one record after another.



Amy Johnson in the early days of her meteoric career



In spite of this, they are given an amazing welcome. But their individualism proves too strong. Somehow they drift apart. Amicably they agree they are temperamentally unsuited and divorce follows



As members of the A.T.A., Amy and Jim meet and work together again. In spite of fog warnings, Amy takes off to deliver a bomber. "I'll crash through," she says. It is Amy's last flight. She dies in her country's service



## Gliding — by the A.T.C.

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Air Training Corps Cadets will soon be receiving gliding training in many parts of the country to encourage them to become more and more air-minded (if possible) and to give them the thrill of actually piloting aircraft. They will build and maintain and service most of the gliders themselves. Gliders are drawn along by a wire attached to a release gear, while the other end is fixed to a winch, generally run from a car or lorry. In our picture the wire has fouled the release gear and the winch, with dramatic results. The blasphemer in white overalls is the Instructor

# Film Premiere: "The Day Will Dawn"



Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal congratulated Deborah Kerr on her performance as Kari, the Norwegian skipper's daughter

## Some People Who Went to It

Paul Soskin's new film, *The Day Will Dawn*, directed by Harold French, was shown for the first time at the Leicester Square Theatre on May 8th. It tells a vivid story of occupied Norway under Nazi oppression, and concerns the adventures of a London journalist during the Norwegian campaign. The story was written by Frank Owen, former editor of the "Evening Standard," now serving in the Army, and the film includes actual news-reel shots of the Vaagso raid, and scenes of Dunkirk, the London Blitz and the Altmark incident



Lady Jersey, former film-star Virginia Cherrill, was at the premiere of "The Day Will Dawn" with Paul Soskin, who produced the film



Mrs. Tony Pelissier was there with her mother, the Marquise Casa Maury. The former has played in several films as Penelope Dudley Ward



Lord and Lady Sherwood, who were married in March, came together to the film. She was the Hon. Mrs. Roger Chetwode, and is Lord Camrose's daughter



The Earl of Kenmare, more familiar as Lord Castlerosse, arrived alone. He succeeded to the earldom last year on his father's death



Margaret Vyner, wife of Hugh Williams, went to see her husband's performance as Colin, a sporting journalist turned secret agent



Group Captain Sir Louis Greig had his two daughters with him: Jean, who is in the A.T.S., and Bridget, in the F.A.N.Y., who has been driving for the Polish Forces

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Eccentric v. Concentric

REFERENCE is craveed to a recent note under this heading (April 22), in which it was submitted that he who indulges himself with the luxury of the eccentric form of attack, before making certain that he has absolute and permanent command of the lines of communication, exposes himself to a grave risk. The first penalty for disregarding a fundamental principle we can now see very plainly. It is only the first of inevitable penalties. The Japanese escorting squadron, not the Japanese main fleet, as it has been loosely described, was nearly corralled. Next time the luck may not hold!

## Seamen's Flag-Day, June 16

FLAGSELLERS Ahoy! There are five million flags ready for dépôt-holders and sellers, and the address to which to apply is Miss Nancy Scott, the Organiser, Merchant Seamen's Flag-Day Office, 4, Buckingham Palace Gardens, S.W.1. The cause it is surely unnecessary to stress. I quote one short paragraph from the leaflet which gives the date and the purposes of that day upon which you and I can try to repay a part of the heavy debt which we owe to our merchant seamen: "The sailors have never let you down. 'The women and children want food,' they say, and back they go to face torpedoes, machine-guns, bombs, fire and boiling steam, ice-cold water thick with oil—and glory."

## Light Horse

IN view of certain possibilities, and the way in which the mounted arm has come back into its own in more than one theatre of war, a word or two about some of the very excellent cavalry units of what is now known as the Indian Defence Force, but which was formerly called the Volunteers, may be in season. There are many of these regiments, and the ones closest to the fire at the moment are the Surma Valley Light Horse, the Assam Valley Light Horse, the Northern Bengal Mounted Rifles,

the Calcutta Light Horse, and perhaps also the Behar Light Horse. If I have missed out any, I plead twenty-nine years' absence from India in extenuation.

They are the equivalent of our Yeomanry; they all provide their own horses, and many have charger funds, pay the cost of their uniforms and only get their arms and accoutrement issued to them. With the exception of the Calcutta Light Horse, all the regiments just named are recruited from the planters in their various districts, and they are officered by that same with, in every case, a professional adjutant. Both the men and the horses are very good class; their shooting and riding are made to match, and in some of them the drill bears favourable comparison with regular cavalry.

The cavalry units at full peace strength are about 300 sabres each; but in such an emergency as the present one, this would be very materially increased. I am willing to wager that they will make monkeys of anything of their own species which the Yellow Dwarfs can bring against them. The cavalry have all the usual armament, but this may have been augmented by machine-guns since my time. At the time of the South African War, and I think even before it, the Behar Light Horse had some light machine-guns on galloper carriages, and so I think it is safe to bet on machine-guns nowadays.

The rôle of this excellent force in the past has been purely to co-operate in quelling internal disturbances, but during the South African War, and in the last war, they provided a large number of officers for the regular cavalry. "Vandy" Beatty, incidentally, was one such, and little Joey Springfield, who was killed in South Africa, another personal pal.

## The Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry

THIS regiment, which was raised during the Mutiny and served with gallantry, is the root from which the Calcutta Light Horse



Cricket Blues D. R. Stuart

These three Cambridge Blues were photographed before going to practice at the nets. They are B. C. Levet, John D. Mathews, who is this year's captain of the Cambridge eleven, and John Bridger, who is a quadruple Blue and is to play for the Cambridge team for the third year

springs, though since its embodiment it has undergone many changes in title. After the Mutiny and the disbandment of the B.Y.C., it was next heard of as the Calcutta Lancers, a most dressy and very expensive corps d'élite; then that died, and it descended to being the Calcutta Mounted Rifles, only to revert in 1887 to its old status of undiluted light cavalry.

Lancers incidentally are medium cavalry. In view of the fact that both the C.L.H. and the Behar L.H. include so many chaps who are a bit more than handy with a pig-sticking spear, I shall not be surprised if they are both given this knightly weapon if it happens that they have got to get down to brass tacks with the Japs. If this should happen, all I can say is: "Heaven help the murderers of Hong Kong." There is sure to be a very rough-house, anyway, but I think lances would help.

In addition to these cavalry units there are some heavy auxiliary field-artillery units, now most certainly tractor-drawn, but in my time bullock-drawn, and consequently a bit slow; but this, of course, must have been changed. There were also a certain number of infantry regiments—every railway, for instance, having its own unit—and I think they also had some



Irish Racegoers at the Kildare and National Hunt Races, Punchestown

Pool, Dublin

Captain and Mrs. Hall-Watt watched Mr. L. T. Byrne's Radio Wave win the Prince of Wales's Plate. He was in the Scots Greys, and she is a daughter of the late Mr. Charles Waters, a former Admiralty Registrar in Ireland

Three more at Punchestown on the first day were Miss Blanche Aylmer and her mother, Mrs. J. W. Aylmer, and Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bt. Mrs. Aylmer is the wife of Major J. W. Aylmer, of Courtown House, Kilcock, Co. Kildare, and a sister of Lieut.-Col. Giles Loder

Lord and Lady Farnham, of Farnham, Co. Cavan, had young David Gibbs with them at Punchestown Races, the premier Irish steeplechase meeting, when favourites on the whole did well



Officers of a School of Technical Training Somewhere in the British Isles

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Sister Miss E. M. Dowdeswell, A.R.R.C., Matron Miss M. E. Hards, A.R.R.C., Wing Com. B. P. H. de Rooper, Wing Com. T. O. Clogstoun, Sq. Ldr. W. G. R. Jarman, the Rev. E. P. St. John, M.C., Group Capt. A. W. P. Phillips, O.B.E., Group Capt. R. J. Rodwell, Air Commodore E. A. B. Rice, C.B.E., M.C., Group Capt. D. F. Lucking, Wing Com. T. J. Thomas, Wing Coms. E. A. Burridge, J. E. R. Eales-White, B. W. Flemming, Sq. Ldr. J. O. Gabb, A.S.O. N. H. Bilney, A.S.O. G. M. P. Morgan. Second row: Flt. Lt. A. A. Caney, Sq. Ldr. H. G. Spearpoint, Wing Com. H. J. Walker, Flt. Lt. J. W. Griffiths, Flt. Lt. F. G. Saunders, M.C., Sq. Ldr. R. E. P. Paynter, D.C.M., Sq. Ldr. E. Whittlesea, M.B.E., Wing Com. W. Graham Nicholls, Sq. Ldr. A. R. Hughes, M.B.E., Sq. Ldr. M. C. R. White, the Rev. T. Madoc-Jones, B.A., the Rev. J. E. Dixon, M.C., Flt. Lt. D. P. Walters, the Rev. T. L. Coughlin, Flt. Lt. A. Masson, Flt. Lt. R. B. L. Harvey, O.B.E. Back row: Warrant Officer L. L. Bishop, M.M., Flt. Lt. A. Lloyd-Fleming, M.C., R. L. Cutler, F. Hills, R. Eve, Sq. Ldrs. F. R. Bailey, A. U. Taylor, D. S. Cumberlege, Flt. Lt. W. L. Brewer, Flt. Lt. J. L. Trollope

Sapper Corps. Anyway, the whole shooting-match will be very much on its toes at this moment and keen to have a crack at any burglar.

#### "The Apostle"

EVERYONE who knew him, and, personally, I can reckon myself as one of his oldest friends, will have read of the death of Colonel E. C. Apostolidis with the greatest regret. He commanded the Calcutta Light Horse, and was, I think, one of the most popular people ever to do so. To describe "The Apostle" quite shortly, he was a heck of a good chap; a fine sportsman and, on top of this, a far better horseman than any of us, who used to be so fond of pulling his leg, ever let him believe that he was.

I can recall the way in which he used to go on a fiery mare named Sappho, on Cocktail, another hot-headed one, and how after the finish of a Calcutta Paperchase Cup he, Lord Bill Beresford, and at least a couple of other desperadoes, nearly had an all-in over the question as to which of them had won it! It turned upon who had gone the right course, and in the end it was found that someone, who

had had a fall, lost his glasses in the plough, and groped about for ages trying to find them, was the only one who had. This was the late Tom Anderson, who rode his own horse Commissioner. "The Apostle" rode Cocktail, a horse with a funny white streak in his tail. Lord Bill on Tortoise was first past the post, but he and most of the others had gone the wrong way. Anyway, it was a gay occasion, made gayer by the threatened Donnybrook.

"The Apostle" was in command of the C.L.H. upon the occasion of some really serious rioting in the native city of Calcutta, and was thoroughly in his element. I feel that his gallant spirit will be with his old command when, and if, it goes into action during the next few months, as it very well may.

#### A Royal Two Thousand

EVERY loyal subject of our beloved Monarch was naturally overjoyed at the success of Big Game in the first of this season's classic races, a success which some of us were so bold as to believe was a foregone conclusion. It happened on Coronation Day, a very happy coincidence. Even the doubters may now be ready to suspect that this very fine colt is

something a bit more than just a sprinter. There was nothing in this race over the Bunbury Mile good enough to make him gallop. The old superstition that anything with even one drop of Tetrarch blood in its pedigree will not stay takes a lot of killing. How about Caligula and Salmon Trout, both Leger winners, both by The Tetrarch, and the former marking to his sire's colour? And, of course, there have been others. It happens almost invariably that when a horse, or a man for that matter, does anything brilliant, a host of Jeremiahs at once arises to tell us why it is either a fluke, or that they can never hope to do it again. In this present case I am fully expecting to be told that one of the principal contenders, and I think a clue to the whole situation, Watling Street, was not putting his best foot forward; personally, I suggest that Big Game's Two Thousand is a complete endorsement of his Coventry Stakes form on July 2nd last year when he "lost" Watling Street. The One Thousand unhappily eludes me, because all this has to be written before that race is run; but it is obvious that if his Majesty's Sun Chariot is on her best behaviour, she must win quite as easily as her stable companion.



Naval Men



Tennis Champions D. R. Stuart

A daughter was born recently to the wife of Commodore Philip Glover, R.N. As Nancy Lyle (she is a daughter of Sir Leonard Lyle, M.P.), Mrs. Glover played for the Wightman Cup tennis team, and her husband was seven times Navy tennis champion



Annual Inspection of the O.B.L.I. Johnson

Major-General Sir John Hanbury-Williams, as Colonel of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, which he joined sixty years ago, inspected the regiment at Cowley Barracks. Sir John said of the O.B.L.I.: "It has always been, to my mind, the best regiment in the British Army and always will be"

Captain E. O. Broadley, D.S.O., R.N., Naval Officer-in-Charge, and Commander F. P. Frai, R.N.V.R., were photographed in Scotland. The former served in destroyers in the last war, and the Commander was formerly executive officer of Sussex R.N.V.R.

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Three Kings

"**H**ISTORY"—says Miss Alice Buchan, in her Foreword to *The Tapestry Men* (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)—"is a tapestry, for ever unrolling, perpetually repeating its effects. In this book . . . I have tried to bring to life a sketch of the tapestry, with its colours faded by the suns of five centuries but still vivid."

Tapestry comes to mind as one reads this novel. One sees figures with strange eyes looking beyond one, figures so tense with meaning, instinct with movement that their momentary stillness seems only a chance. The clear, deliberate colours and the mysterious shadows are both there. And in the story itself the tapestry motif appears—two of the characters, Richard II.'s first young wife, Anne of Bohemia, and the imprisoned child Edmund Mortimer, are both impressed and haunted by tapestry figures on the walls of half-dark rooms. They recognise some design that they are themselves a part of; they feel some sure thread stitching their own fates.

Anne of Bohemia lived most in her love and her premonitions; she was to die beloved and young. Edmund was to live to watch history: putative heir, in youth, to the throne of England and a pawn in the endless game of intrigue, he was not by nature a man to assert his claims. Three English kings were to die in Edmund's lifetime, before his own untimely, lonely death.

These three kings—Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V.—are the main figures of Miss Buchan's "embroidered chronicle."

The story opens with Richard, the poet-king, the man of complex emotions and mind ahead of his day, happy at Sheen with Anne and his friend Robert de Vere. They are hawking; the orchards are strewn with late-May petals and the meadows burnished with buttercups. The three are young, and the scene is lyrical—it is made sadly more so by one's sense (like a cold wind) of their oncoming doom. Richard's friendship with Robert ends in a tragedy; Anne, unable to comfort him, dies also, leaving Sheen so unbearably empty that Richard has the place pulled down.

Richard, alone, is left to face out his destiny. From the history-book we know the outlines of this, and from Shakespeare's *Richard II.* its implications. Loth to replace Anne in any real sense, he makes a politic, merely nominal marriage with a six-year-old French princess, who plays with her dolls, contented, while Richard lives through his agonies. He pays heavily for his too imperious act in exiling his cousin Henry of Derby; Henry returns, fires malcontents into being the King's enemies, gets England in arms behind him, and steals the Crown. The imprisoned Richard meets with an obscure death. As Henry IV., his cousin reigns in his stead.

Miss Buchan's study of Henry IV.'s weakness behind his façade of strength, the impotence (that is to grow with the years) behind his showy powers of action, provides the most interesting chapters of an interesting book. This Henry, to put it simply, was neither a good man nor a happy king. His reign was no more than an anti-climax to his dramatic seizure of the throne. Money—demands for this not only from creditors who had helped him buy his way into power, but from his own high-spirited family—played a big part in his troubles. The decline of a man of action (for as such, one must remember, he had caught the fancy of England) into soft rot at middle age is a depressing sight. But one may feel—and I do feel strongly, for the ill-fated Richard II. is one of my favourite kings—that a poetic justice appeared in this.

The attractive Prince Henry—who, in *The Tapestry Men*, is first seen in his second-best, damson silk suit, attempting to touch his parent for money—succeeds, as Henry V., "King Hal," the victor of Agincourt. Henry V. (at least by Miss Buchan's reading) is subtle and melancholic as well as active and bluff. He still feels, like a reproach to himself, his late father's treachery to his cousin. Before embarking on war with France he has Richard's bones brought from their obscure grave to the Abbey. He builds a new palace on the ruins of Sheen. And in France he marries miniature Princess Catherine, sister of Richard II.'s infant bride. Henry V. blooms early, and early dies.



Miss Ursula Constable-Maxwell

A young sculptress, whose works exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy are attracting much attention, is Miss Ursula Constable-Maxwell, who is a pupil of Mr. Frank Dobson. One of a family of eleven, she is the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Bernard Constable-Maxwell and the Hon. Mrs. Constable-Maxwell, and a granddaughter of the thirteenth Baron Harries. Her mother, who lives at Fairlie House, Beauly, Inverness-shire, is Lord Lovat's aunt

## Pattern

So the pattern works out, and the royal fates not only touch, but are interwoven. Miss Buchan's feeling for pattern—psychological as

well as historical—is as deep as her handling of it is sure. Each of her scenes has a strange distinction. Her young people and children bear the timeless stamp of all youth. Her two Annes—for there is another, later, Mortimer's wife—both have wit and wisdom, a smiling sadness, ineffable grace and charm. Her different child princesses, even the spoilt ones, all have their chins up. She has a particular gift for imprisoned children—all children are prisoners, one might say? Her lovers, like lovers in these days, feel the remorseless pressure of world events.

In fact, she sees the "now" in the past. This goes for the weather in her novel—it is English weather of all time—sunny morning mists, rainy summers, incredibly smiling summers, long twilights, moist-smelling nights. . . . The conversations she has (I feel, wisely) translated into the idiom of her own day. She is all out against Wardour Street archaisms. Some readers may feel she takes this a little far—as when the young Court lady says to the warrior next her at a banquet, "I hate parties, don't you?" But no doubt, even just after Agincourt, such things were said. Any devices Miss Buchan chooses to use seem to me to heighten rather than lessen what I should call the time-colour

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I LISTENED the other day to a public discussion on the old, old

problem, "Should wives be paid?" Personally, I think they should—providing they are good wives. If they aren't—well, why should they? All the same, there is a horrible snag coming to those who try to put that solution into practice. The bad wives will set up a deafening roar. Incompetent people always do. Usually it is the man who talks loudest about his rights who shirks his duties as an obligation to his dignity and freedom.

So in the question, "Should wives be paid?" it seems to me the only happy way out would be the opportunity to divorce for laziness and neglect, or, in the case of the husband, if he spent too much money on himself and too little on his home. That should bring the back-sliders of both sexes well up to scratch. In any case, laziness, neglect and meanness are far more conducive to an unhappy home than the main reasons which now permit married couples to part company. Unfortunately, custom has mixed up marriage with so much religion, so much physical virtue, so much Heaven, that divorce is never granted for those personal attributes which can so easily make married life a long-drawn-out monotony of mild hell.

However, what always amuses me in the discussion "Should wives be paid?" is the venom with which its feminine supporters regard peeling potatoes! I have peeled potatoes for years and have come to the conclusion that among the drab domestic "chores," it ranks among the

By Richard King

less drab. After all, you can peel potatoes and think! It's as "brainless"

as all that! But I defy anyone to dream with a floor-swab in one hand and a bucket of water in the other! Besides, the chores which you have to do for your own home possess a certain creativeness in them. The home looks nicer and brighter and more comfortable when they have been done. If you have to do other people's chores—well, that's a different matter. They are not wives so much as kitchenmaids, for whom I am most sorry.

In any case, without domestic duties—exasperating though they be at certain moments—life for the average home-loving woman would be very objectless. We may hate duties, daily duties, but the very necessity of having to do them can prove a great consoler in times of trouble. And not all women—as these discussions about paid wives seem to suggest—yearn to develop their minds, baulked in this high mental endeavour by potato-peeling. The great majority, so far as I can observe, like to spend their leisure hours (in peacetime, anyway) talking to their neighbours or looking at shops.

But, then, all these discussions argue from an ideal rather than from the average. There are far too many bricks thrown at work, especially domestic work. Unfortunately, it hasn't the same publicity value in the street as typewriting or driving a van. But it's far more important and, if well done, infinitely more creative—which is the secret of happiness in any work, it seems to me.

(Concluded on page 248)

# Getting Married



Boyle — Tallack

Lieut. Archibald Cobourne Boyle, R.A.M.C., only son of the late A. H. Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, of Bickley, and Patricia Evelyn Tallack, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. C. Tallack, of Chislehurst, Kent, were married at St. Nicholas's Church, Chislehurst



Corry — Freeman

Captain Noel Corry, The Lincolnshire Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Corry, of Gateley Hall, Norfolk, and Sonia Freeman, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Freeman, of Bantry, Ireland, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street



Stranack — Harvey

Captain Richard Martin Stranack, R.A., younger son of Colonel and Mrs. C. E. Stranack, of Greys, West Tytherley, Wilts., married Gnoina Harvey, only daughter of the late Major and Mrs. C. M. Harvey, of Crosslane House, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Gardner — Woods

Captain Peter Gardner, R.A., only son of the Rev. R. L. and Mrs. Gardner, of The Rectory, Brandon, was married to Eucharis Valerie Woods, only daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. H. K. Woods, of Hill House, East Bergholt, Suffolk, at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, East Bergholt



Albertini — Gleed

Lieut. William Reynolds Albertini, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, of the White Lodge, Richmond Park, and Myrtle Gleed were married at the Private School Chapel, Tonbridge. She is the daughter of Commander and Mrs. Gleed, of Chobham, Kent



Usher — Morris

Lieut.-Com. Andrew Usher, R.N., third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Usher, of the White House, Edinburgh, married Sylvia Marie Heather Morris, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Morris, of Harlington, Fleet, Hants., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Fudakowski — Fyfe-Jamieson

Lieutenant Zygmunt Fudakowski, of the 10th Polish Chasseurs, married Sheelagh Mary Eileen Fyfe-Jamieson at the Brompton Oratory. She is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ian Fyfe-Jamieson, of 32, Lennox Gardens, London, S.W.



Howard — McMurdo Heywood

Lieut. Seymour de Coucy-Howard, The Queen's Own West Kent Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Seymour Howard, of The Dial House, Hove, married Jean McMurdo Heywood, daughter of the late Thomas McMurdo Heywood, and Mrs. McMurdo Heywood, of Malvern Wells, at All Saints', The Wyche, Malvern



Duncan-Anderson — Pemberton

Major Wilfred George Duncan-Anderson, the Royal Corps of Signals, son of Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Duncan-Anderson, of Abbotts Ann, Andover, married Valerie Pemberton, daughter of Capt. S. M. P. Pemberton, and Mrs. Pemberton, of 51, Harrington Gardens, S.W., at St. Jude's, Collingham Gardens

# SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 233)

Among owners, the Duchess of Norfolk was there again, in pale blue this time; and Lady Sybil Phipps was in a pink coat and skirt and small black hat.

Irish Guards cheered when Michael Beary won on Irish Guardsman; most of the big punters were on Lady Cunliffe-Owen's Contact.

Gordon Richards had a popular win on Lambert Simnel, once owned by the Duke of Westminster, but the favourite in the Apprentice Handicap, the Duchess of Norfolk's Snow King, was beaten.

Other people enjoying the day were Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Carnarvon and Captain Lionel Montagu, all regulars before the war.

### Competing Ambulances

A N Ambulance Championship was held in Cambridge, where Southend A won the championship of the Eastern Region.

Lady Spens presented the shield, which was given to her by Mrs. Arthur Aspy, of Cincinnati. Miss M. G. Milne, matron of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, was one of the judges, and she said she had been struck by the co-operation and team-work, in the handling and arrangement of equipment, but there was not leadership of the same quality in dealing with casualties. However, the general standard was much higher than that of last spring.



*A Special Performance of "Big Top"—*

Princess Aspasia of Greece, Mr. Andre Michaelopoulos, the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key and Princess Alexandra of Greece sat together at a special performance of "Big Top," Mr. C. B. Cochran's new revue, which was given in aid of the Yugoslav Relief Society



*—In Aid of the Yugoslav Relief Society*

King Peter of Yugoslavia went to His Majesty's Theatre for the special show of "Big Top." Afterwards Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke, Fred Emney and Cyril Ritchard, still in costume, were photographed with King Peter, Mr. Cochran and Beatrice Lillie, who is wearing her Carmen Miranda dress

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

of *The Tapestry Men*. The book bears in on one, from the first page to the last, the immortality of people who have lived.

### Lioness

"CRUSADER IN CRINOLINE," by Forrest Wilson (Hutchinson; 18s), *Tom's Cabin*. Mr. Wilson has turned out a first-rate piece of biography—but what a subject he has, for what a woman she was! Is it too much to say that this little creature (sixth child of a New England minister, wife of an impecunious professor and herself the mother of seven children who might easily have absorbed her time) precipitated the American Civil War?

My own ideas of Harriet Beecher Stowe had, up to now, been extremely vague. I suppose I thought of her as a hatchet-faced prophetess, rather heavily draped in some sombre hue. On the contrary (I now know) she was hyper-feminine; as a child she was pretty, and she regained beauty when the world-success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* brought her rather pent-up nature out into full bloom. Success also brought her a string of romantic friendships, of the kind she had craved in vain as a young girl. Her love of dress and display and her innocent snobbery were only kept in the background by the rigidity of her upbringing and the stern views of the set in which she continued to move.

Harriet was, in fact, the product of the purest New England Calvinism. But what brilliant originality, what depths of character, what fascinating ranges of idiosyncrasy has this fanatical faith produced! You may repress the senses, bludgeon the will, but the imagination puts out vigorous shoots. No one would call Harriet a great artist, but, above all, she was a woman of temperament. George Sand, in one of her journalistic raptures, declared that she had the genius of a saint. (*Uncle Tom's Cabin* enjoyed a great boom in France.) Though Harriet looked crooked at the Frenchwoman, for a number of excellent moral reasons, she kept that press-cutting to her dying day.

Harriet Beecher was born in the village of Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1811. Her father, the minister (later doctor) Lyman Beecher, theologian, dyspeptic and sportsman, was himself a "character" in the great tradition. Besides Harriet, two of his other children—Henry Ward and Catherine, the educationist and crusader for women's rights—were to do much to make the Beecher name known. Poor Harriet, as she emerged from childhood, tied herself up into tight knots: Calvinism proscribed a constant, ruthless self-searching—was one or was one not "saved"? She taught school for a living, hated it, felt at once dim and tormented, seemed debarred from happy friendships and unlikely, for years, to attract love. The family move to Hartford failed to bring more colour into her life.

A more momentous move was to Cincinnati. Dr. Lyman Beecher, spurred on by a group of enthusiasts who were, at the same time, prepared to finance him, believed he had heard a religious call from the West. Here American civilisation was extending, and there were many souls to be saved. He became the head of a newly-created faculty, the Lane Seminary. Cincinnati, a still raw town on the Ohio, was at intervals swept by nightmarish cholera and troubled by riots. Here the Beecher daughters resignedly settled down, and opened a female seminary. They also began to write. The Beechers were soon to be prominent in a group demanding the abolition of slavery—whose evils, that in New England seemed academic, could be closely and painfully seen from here. With Harriet, this was more than "a cause"; it was a passion into which her whole nature poured itself.

At Cincinnati she was courted by, and she married, that upright, pompous young widower, Professor Calvin Stowe, who was on the faculty of her father's college. The production and rearing of seven children, and the keeping up of a home on too little money, were to side-track her energies for some time—though this never narrowed her interests. Calvin Stowe then secured a professorship in New England—at Brunswick, Maine—and his family returned East, with relief. Though for years Harriet's pen had not rested idle, it was not till she reached the comparative peace of Brunswick that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* got written. It was the result, she said, of a searing vision in church. Mrs. Beecher Stowe felt the book in every nerve of her being. For instance, after she had killed off Little Eva she had to retire to bed for forty-eight hours. It was worse than having a baby, she said.

*Uncle Tom* not only shook the world and enjoyed astronomical sales, it started the Abolitionist agitation, the furious breach between North and South whose outcome was the American Civil War. Harriet had written with art and passion—though the most she had hoped of the book when it went to press was that its proceeds might raise her a silk dress.

Her success-story is an astounding one. Its high point was reached in a triumphal tour of England, where she was not only received with religious awe but given, one may say, a cracking good time. Unhappily, one outcome of this was Harriet's becoming involved with the widowed and interesting Lady Byron. From the highest of motives, on her return to America, the authoress was to make use of her own publicity to drag the whole Byron scandal up again. Two continents rose to defend the poet, and her own good name suffered accordingly.

*Men's clothes by*  
**Drescott**

There may be some difficulty in  
obtaining Drescott clothes because of  
the limitation of supplies imposed by  
H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.



Matita has for many years been acknowledged a successful British designer. In pre-war days his creations were to be seen in all parts of the world, and were worn by the leaders of fashion. Pictured on this page is one of his many successes which may be seen at Dalys, in Glasgow. It is a two-in-one tailored dress with smartly cut jacket, and is of a deep bottle-green, with pockets and collar trimmed with biscuit-coloured gros-grain. The skirt, the length of which must be noted, is so simple that it will remain undated indefinitely. Later on it can be worn with furs: in these days all women have to think well in advance. There is a very large number of models of this character to be studied here, all monotony being banished. The materials, cut and tailoring are excellent



Go where you will, the Liberty Hair Cut is being discussed. It was inspired by the Ministry of Health, and it seems almost unnecessary to add that it is practical and hygienic. Among its manifold advantages is that it is easy to dress, labour is saved and so are hairpins. The basic lines are maintained, but by skilful manipulation of the hair personality may be introduced, hence there is no monotony. This Liberty Cut is practised by hairdressers of prestige. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have cut and dressed the heads on this page, and they will be pleased to give further particulars on application. Brushing and combing have no deleterious effect, while the health of the scalp is greatly improved



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

The Knitwear Department occupies a very prominent position at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, where there is a splendid assortment of jumpers, pullovers and twin sets as well as suits. The colours are attractive, many of them being of a non-committal character, hence the aspect of the scheme may be changed. It is a Bery model which is illustrated on the right, and is a study in black and white. As will be seen, it is a jumper suit which has the appearance of a dress, and is carried out in tailor's jersey, a material which wears remarkably well. The jumper is finished with white piqué collar and cuffs, the sleeves being short. The Bery suits are well worth a visit to view



# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

MACPHERSON and his wife were out motoring when their car broke down and it had to be towed to a garage. All the way his wife complained bitterly of the amount it was going to cost them.

"It's scandalous!" she said. "Three pounds for towing a car a matter of three or four miles."

"Never mind," said Macpherson. "I'm making sure he earns it—I've put the brakes on."

FROM the moment she had started school till years later, when, with a sigh of relief, she heard its doors close behind her, Emma Sheepshanks had suffered under her ridiculous name. The poor girl writhed under her disadvantage, and lived only for the day when some man would marry her and change it.

Her ideal met her at a dance. Dispensing with an introduction, he begged for a dance, another, and yet another, and permission to call.

Trembling she heard his knock. Eagerly she seized his card from the maid. One glance at it and her eyes blazed with indignation and horror. "Tell Mr. Ramsbottom," she said, "that I am not at home to-day, nor upon any future occasion."

A MUSICAL comedy star, no longer youthful, joined a touring company. Business was not good, and tempers suffered accordingly. Relations became somewhat strained between the star and juvenile lead.

There came a knock at the star's door.

"Who is it, and what do you want?" she demanded, sharply.

"There's a lady in front who'd very much like to see you. She says she was at school with you. Shall I show her in?"

From the corridor came the voice of the juvenile lead: "Wheel her in!"



*"We call it the Utility Table—it's only got two pockets, one on either side."*

A YOUNG woman whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a wealthy manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the young man:

"I hold that the thing for the husband to do is to begin as he intends to go on. Suppose the question was one of smoking. I would at once show my intentions by lighting a cigar, thus settling the question for ever."

"And I," said the young woman, "would at once knock it out of your mouth."

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, thoughtfully, "I somehow don't think you would be there."

Two Broadway knuts sat in a restaurant. Each had a cup of coffee in front of him, and a single newspaper was spread out on the table so that both might read at the same time.

The first pointed to a picture of the Dionne quintuplets.

"Look at those quintuplets," he said. "Aren't they growing up to be charming young ladies?"

The second glanced at the photo.

"Yeah," he grunted. "Sure—they okay."

He sipped his coffee and then spoke suddenly. "By the way," he inquired sharply, "has Mr. Dionne become the father of any more quintuplets?"

The first knut put down his cup.

"More quintuplets?" he echoed. "Of course not!"

The other lighted a cigarette.

"Just as I thought," he murmured wisely. "I always thought he was just a flash in the pan!"

A GENERAL and a colonel were walking down the street. They met many privates, and each time the general took the salute he would mutter:

"The same to you."

The colonel's curiosity soon got the better of him, and he asked:

"Why do you always say that?"

The general answered:

"I was once a private myself and I know just what they are thinking!"

A N elderly Home Guard was on duty at one end of a bridge when he was approached by a rather pompous brass-hat.

"And what are your duties supposed to be, my good man?" asked the blimp.

"Oh, I stays 'ere and defends this 'ere bridge after the bloomin' army's withdrawn," replied the H.G.

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(Above)  
Slightly romantic, this heart-dotted print in an easy-to-wear frock of tussore. Bodice is attractively Shirred and has detachable revers of crisp white pique. Skirt is worked in small panels falling into pleat effect. Dusty pink, red, green, pastel blue, turquoise, navy and rust. Hips 35-42. (YS 63). **5½ gns.**  
7 coupons.

(Left)  
A print which does the 'hat trick,' for this all-in-one jumper suit dress of tussore. The slim-fitting skirt is gored to swing in your stride. Grounds of dusty pink, turquoise, red, green, navy and coral, printed with tiny hats. Hips 35-42. (YS 62). **5½ gns.**  
7 coupons.

**Great Gliding**

A PARTICLE the size of a bacterium, I read, would be carried nearly three thousand miles by a steady wind having a velocity of ten miles an hour before it would fall to earth from a height of 100 feet, or, in other words (and in the unlikely event of my arithmetic being accurate) a bacterium has a gliding angle of one in 158,400. That is long-range work indeed; strategical floating of a high order.

Judging from what they say about the possibilities of "glide approach" bombing attacks, I would conclude that some people expect aircraft to vie with air-borne bacteria in the matter of gliding angle.

They speak of large bombers coming to London on a continuous glide after rising over some point well into occupied France and there shutting off their engines. Actually the gliding angle of a heavily laden bomber is poor. Wing loadings are nowadays in the 50 lb. per square foot region and gliding angles are nearer those of a brick than of a bacterium.

But it is worth noticing that gliders, when they are on the downward path, do get about more than power-driven aeroplanes. And it is also worth noticing that gliders are receiving more and more attention from all belligerents.

**New Types**

ONE newish German glider is the Gotha 242 which has twin tail booms and is intended for carrying troops and freight. We know already of the types of glider the Germans used in Crete and there have been rumours of other, much bigger gliders, for taking larger numbers of armed men.

All of which goes to show that one of those strange cycles of opinion has occurred. When war broke out there was a concerted anti-gliding movement, on the grounds that gliding was an amusement, that it gave people pleasure and that it had no military application. Gliders were less than the dust and a great deal worse than the bacteria.

In general, the argument seemed to run that nobody ought to have any amusement or pleasure in time of war and that gliding must therefore stop. It did. But not for long.

Discomforting calculations began to appear about

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

what could be done in the way of weight lifting by towed gliders. It was rather like the paratroop development in which our own authorities set their faces against any work being done on the grounds that the idea was frivolous and of no genuine military importance. Later they changed their minds—not in response to reasoned argument, but to enemy action.

After a period of technical vacillation everybody began to work on gliders all over again. And although I quite agree with the view that gliders are of chief value for carrying men and material by air with a minimum expenditure of horse power and with a maximum of journey flexibility, I think that there may be this other value of a flat glide.

**Approach**

THE method of approach in military operations gains in importance as war is speeded up. The first stroke has always been regarded as having an overwhelming influence on the final result; but to-day it would appear that first strokes have gained even greater relative value.

So that in a landing operation for invasion purposes, the method of approach demands every technical aid that can be given it. And in certain regions if the aircraft reporting system was incomplete, the glider approach by assault troops would be extremely effective.

The air tugs could release their gliders at such a distance that they would not be vulnerable to ground defences and the gliders would be able to complete the journey with the aid of nothing other than gravity and their own wing spreads.

**Counter-Blast**

THOSE who express their views in public will have noticed that there are certain subjects which evoke immediate and vigorous response whenever

they are mentioned and that this response has no relation to the importance of the subject.

Thus it came about that I mentioned some time ago the manner in which the Air Ministry, which has shown such high powers of resistance in all other respects, bowed immediately and abjectly to the storm which was aroused by the temperance and teetotal fanatics when it was cautiously suggested that the police of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force were better recruited from those who drank than from those who do not drink.

Immediately I was attacked with the utmost violence. Yet the other side has—for once—also been represented and I am told that few people realise (and hardly ever the fanatic reformers) how much part of human existence is drink and its associated acts of hospitality. A paper by Dr. J. D. Rolleston (I am told) on the *Folk-lore of Alcoholism* together (I am informed) with an earlier paper by the same author, contain some astonishing facts on the subject.

It seems, for instance, that there are more than 280 slang synonyms for the word "drink," 160 for the verb "to drink" and 150 for various forms of drunkenness. All of which shows (I am advised) that drink plays its part in the life of most communities and that it is not a terrible and damaging interloper.

**Recognition and Time**

THOSE who have been bombed assert that no amount of skill in the recognition of aircraft types will help to save one. They say that actual bombing attacks occur at the moment when one is weighing up the many different types that the aircraft might be and trying to come to a definite conclusion as to what it is.

Blenheims flying pleasingly in formation towards some point of importance, turn out at the last and too-late instant, to be Junkers 88s. And so it happens that guns do not always open up quite so soon as one would like.

The truth is that aircraft speeds have outstripped ordinary identification methods and that a drastic revision of those methods is now desirable.

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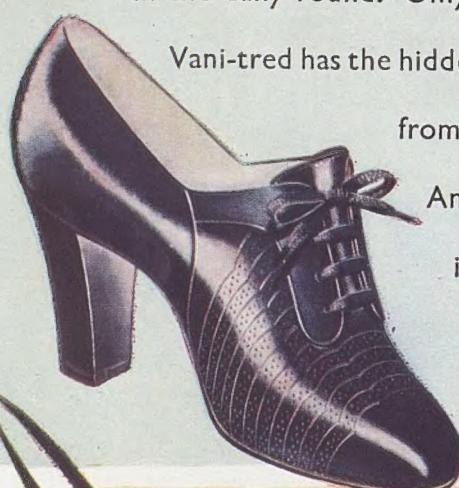
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